

GLEAMS OF JOY

FOR THE

Day School, Singing School

+ AND +

Home Circle. *

+ BY +

D. W. CRIST.



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PREFACE.

That vocal music is an essential branch of education, and that it should be taught in our common schools, is no longer denied.

In preparing "GLEAMS OF JOY," we have constantly kept in view the fact that children love to sing easy and beautiful melodies, which largely compose this book, with a number for more advanced singers.

The rudimental part is brief, though complete, and our aim was to make it quite comprehensive. The teacher should add to this as in his judgment he deems most proper; and never be afraid of using too much blackboard in his explanations.

That this book may be the means of bringing GLEAMS OF JOY into many hearts is the wish of the

AUTHOR.

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2

12. The following are the signs:

Key of C.

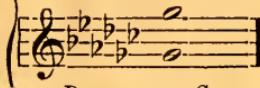


Do comes on C.

Key of G.



or

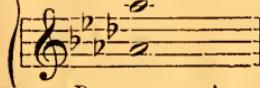


Do comes on G.

Key of A.



or

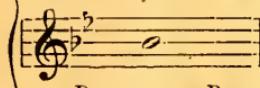


Do comes on A.

Key of B.



or

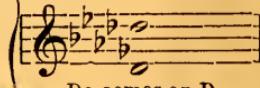


Do comes on B.

Key of D.



or

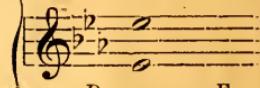


Do comes on D.

Key of E.



or

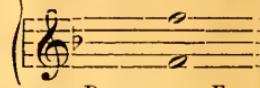


Do comes on E.

Key of F.



or



Do comes on F.

13. You will find the position of the notes as follows:

See examples pages 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8.

See examples pages 10, 11, 12 and 13.

Key of C.



Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

See examples pages 14 and 15.

Key of D.



Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

See examples pages 18 and 19.

Key of F.



Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

Key of G.



Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

See examples pages 16 and 17.

Key of A.



Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

See examples pages 20 and 21.

Key of B.



Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

Key of E.

Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do.

14. Thus far we have learned the position of the notes, it is now our duty to learn the value of the notes. A^2 Whole note. P^1 Half note. P^2 Quarter note. P^3 Eighth note. P^4 Sixteenth note, that is, $\text{P}^2 = \text{P}^1 = \text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1 = \text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 = \text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 = \text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 = \text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 = \text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 = \text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1$

15. The perpendicular lines in a staff are called Bars.

Bar. Bar. Bar. Bar. Bar.

Do, do, re, re, mi, mi, fa, fa, sol, fa.

Measure. Measure. Measure. Measure. Measure.

16. A Measure is the space between two Bars, as seen above. Each measure in a piece of music must have the same value which is indicated by figures at the beginning.

Double time.

Do, do, mi, mi, sol, mi.

Quadruple time.

Do, do, mi, mi, sol, sol, mi, mi.

17. Time in music has reference to the duration of a measure, or its parts. The parts of a measure are its beats; in the above example, $\frac{2}{4}$ means that there are two divisions each represented by a quarter note. $\frac{4}{4}$ means four divisions $\frac{3}{4}$ would mean three divisions. $\frac{2}{2}$ would mean two divisions, and each division equal to a half note, etc. These divisions are called "Beats," done by a sudden impulse of the hand. We beat time as follows; Double time, sign $\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{2}{2}$, two beats, down, up. Quadruple time, sign, $\frac{4}{4}$ or $\frac{4}{8}$ four beats, down, left, right up. Triple time, sign, $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{8}$ three beats, down, left up. Sextuple time, sign, $\frac{6}{4}$ or $\frac{6}{8}$ six beats, down, left, left, right, right, up. $\frac{6}{8}$ time can also be beat with two beats in a measure, using $\frac{3}{8}$ notes for one beat.

18. In section 14 we noticed the value of notes; these notes are modified by the use of a dot after them which increases their value one-half. A whole note dotted $\text{A}^2 = \frac{3}{2}$ $\text{P}^2 = \frac{3}{2}$ A half note dotted, $\text{P}^1 = \frac{3}{4}$ $\text{P}^1 = \frac{3}{4}$ A quarter note dotted $\text{P}^2 = \frac{3}{8}$ $\text{P}^2 = \frac{3}{8}$ An eighth note dotted $\text{P}^3 = \frac{3}{16}$ $\text{P}^3 = \frac{3}{16}$ etc.

19. A Triplet is where three notes are sung in the same time that two of their same value would be otherwise: as, $\overbrace{\text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1}^3 = \text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1$ or $\overbrace{\text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1 \text{ P}^1}^3 = \text{P}^1 \text{ P}^1$ etc.

20. Rests are characters denoting silence, their values correspond with the values of the notes.

Whole.	Half.	Quarter.	Eighth.	Three Quarter.	Three Eighth.
Notes.	P^2	P^1	P^2	P^3	P^4
Rests.	R^2	R^1	R^2	R^3	R^4

21. The Hold, H placed over a note or rest, indicates a dwell or slacken of time. Rit or ritard, means to decrease until the end, or a signal for increase is given.

22. Repeat Marks, $:\text{I}$ means a repetition of the part just sung. D. C. or Da Capo return to the beginning. D. S. or Dal Segno, return to the sign F and sing to Fine.

Exercises for Practice in the Treble.

No. 1.

Sing by note. Beat time, Down, Up.

Do, do,

No. 2.

Accent the first beat in each measure.

No. 3.

Do not drag your tones.

No. 4. Notice the eighth notes, Two of which are equal to one beat.

No. 5.

No. 6.

Accent the first beat in each measure.

No. 7. Change your time to four beats. Down, Left, Right, Up.

No. 8.

Change your time to three beats. Down, Left, Up.

Exercises for Practice in the Bass.

5

No. 9.

2/4

Do,

No. 10.

Notice the Quarter rest.

4/4

No. 11.

Accent the 1st. beat in each measure.

3/4

No. 12.

4/4

Four Part Harmony.

LITTLE FAIRY.

Soprano.

D. W. C.

4/4

Alto.

1. Lit - tie fai - ry, do not tar - ry, Tripping o'er the sea,
2. Free from sad - ness, Smiles of glad - ness,, On thy hap - py face.

Tenor.

4/4

Bass.

4/4

Com - ing fleet - ly, sing - ing sweet - ly, Wel - come thou shalt be,
Rich - est treas - ure, bring - eth pleas - ure, To thy dwell - ing place.

4/4

Come Away.

D. W. CRIST.

Lively.

One and all, Hear the call of the riv-er song;
 In the light, spark-ling bright, see each ti-ny wave;
 Ea-ger now, ea-ger now for its moun-tain home,

Now 'tis swell-ing, sweet-ly tell-ing, Of the cool-ing shad-ows.
 Dip-ping, trip-ping, swell-ing, tell-ing, One of O-cean's daugh-ers,
 Mur-mur-ing in gen-tle mea-sure, To the nod-ding branch-es,

Mer-ri-ly and cheer-i-ly it glides a-long.
 Mer-ri-ly and pret-ti-est the earth e'er gave.
 Beau-ti-ful and mu-si-cal it glides a-long.

Evening Sun.

7

D. W. CRIST.

1. Gol - den sun of eve - ning, In thy splen - did car,
 2. Wel - come is thy beau - ty, Gol - den eve - ning sun,
 3. Gol - den sun of eve - ning, We shall see no more,

To the West re - treat - ing, Rich thy glo - ries are;
 Char - ming is thy ra - diance, Just as day is done;
 Till your light ap - proach - es, From the east - ern shore;

Sun I love to view thee, Since I lisped thy name,
 Thou must be ex - tin - guish'd, Quenched each gol - den ray,
 Then in mor - ning spien - dor, As you light the skies,

Since I learned thy glo - ries From Je - ho - vah came.
 My im - mor - tal spir - it Can - not fade a - way.
 Call - ing us from slum - ber, Bid - ding us a - rise.

Come To The Greenwood,

Allegretto.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Come, come to the greenwood, Come mer - ri - ly now Where ripples sweet
 2. Come, come from the mountains, Come, come from the sea, While sounds of sweet
 3. Come, come to the greenwood, Come mer - ri - ly now, Where hi - deth the



foun - tains, where trembles the boughs; Where pas - seth young zephyrs,
 mu - sic float o - ver the lea; Where sparkle the moonbeams
 fair - ies be -neath the green bough; There thro' the warm noon tide,



light dancing a - long; There rus-tles the as - pen soft to his sweet
 bright o - ver the dew; We'll dance to the meas-ure so nim-ble and
 we'll cheer-ful-ly stray. While ring the fair ech - oes blithe to our sweet



CHORUS.



song. } true. } lay. } Come, come, come, Tra, la, la, la, la, la,



la, Come, come to the green-wood come, come, come.



Spring-time.

9

Key of G, see page 2.

D. W. CRIST.



1. 'Tis the pleas - ant spring - time, Hear the riv - er's roar;
 2. 'Tis the pleas - ant spring - time, Na - ture's heart is glad;
 3. 'Tis the pleas - ant spring - time, Man - y songs a - rise;



How it leaps and dash - es On the rock - y shore;
 Moun - tains in their grau - deur are with beau - ty clad;
 Wood - land ech - oes mock them, E're the ca - dence dies;



Win - ter's chain is rend - ed, Gush - ing founts are free;
 Flow - ers bright are spring - ing In the green - wood shade;
 Mer - ry birds are sing - ing, Soft the mu - sic floats;



Flee - ey clouds are float - ing now O'er the foam - y sea.
 Fling - ing fra - grance all a - round, E're the bright - ness fade.
 Ev - 'ry vale is ring - ing now, With the mel - low notes.



O'er The Sea.

Words by MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Music by E.



1. O'er the sea! O'er the sea! Jam - ie is com - ing back to me.
 2. O'er the sea! O'er the sea! Bring - ing the wealth of Ar - a - by.
 3. O'er the sea! O'er the sea! Fresh - ly is blow-ing the wind and free.
 4. O'er the sea! O'er the sea! Joy - ful - ly sweet will his wel - come be,



O'er the sea! O'er the sea! Com - ing to home and me.
 O'er the sea! O'er the sea! Bring - ing its gems for me.
 O'er the sea! O'er the sea! Speed - ing his bark to me.
 O'er the sea! O'er the sea! Jam - ie will come to me.



CHORUS.



He's bound - ing o'er the bil - lows, He's bound - ing o'er the bil - lows,



He's bound - ing o'er the bil - lows, From the land that is o'er the sea.



The Coming Of The Spring.

11

E. B. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

CHORUS.

Not too fast.

1. O, a mer - ry life does the hun - ter lead, He wakes at the dawn - ing
 2. O, the hun - ter's life is the life for me, Yes this is the life for a
 3. Then give me my gun, I've an eye to mark, The deer as he bounds a -

day, He calls his dog and he mounts his steed And bounds to the woods a - man; Let oth - ers sing of the swell - ing sea, But ah! match the woods if you long; My steed, my dog, and the tune - ful lark, To war - ble my morn - ing

CHORUS.

way And bounds to the woods a - way.
 can, But ah! match the woods if you can. Then come, come a-way, ye
 song, To war - ble my morn - ing song

hun - ters gay! Where the doe and the fawn in the wild woods play: Where the



hound will bound in his merry, merry glee, O the hun-ter's life is the life for me.



Songs Of Working Men.

D. W. CRIST.



1. From the moun - tain and the val - ley; From the
2. There the fire is bright - ly glow - ing; By the
3. Where the sic - kle gleams so bright - ly, As the
4. Thus from moun - tain and from val - ley, From the



way - side and the glenn; From the streets and from the
fur - nace and the mould, Where the lu - rid flame is
reap - ers stride a - long, Where the glean - ers fol - low
way - side and the glenn; From the bu - sy street and



al - ley, Come the songs of work - ing men.
flow - ing, La - bor songs are sung and told.
light - ly, There they chant the la - bor song.
way - side, Come the songs of work - ing men.



Key of D, see page 2.

Earnestly.

D. W. CRIST.

1. When the voice of duty calls, Serve the right! Serve the right!
 2. Tho' the tyrant boast and frown, Serve the right! Serve the right!

Where the line of labor falls, Serve, serve the right!
 Truth is nobler than a crown, Serve, serve the right!

Be the station high or low, Let the heart be true and brave,
 Ev'ry word that hon'or breathes, Heav'n in glow-ing light re-cords;

Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er know Trembling fear that mocks the slave.
 Deeds that ask no laur-el wreaths, Win from heav'n their high rewards.

Summer Days.

15

E. B. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. When summer days are soft and fair, And mer-ry streamlets sparkling run,
2. When summer days are soft and fair, And songs of birds are on the breeze,
3. When summer days are soft and fair, And earth is robed in man-tle green,
4. When summer days are soft and fair, As soft and fair as they can be,



I seek the shady woodlands where The leaves are glancing in the sun.
 How sweet-ly soothing to my ear, The humming of the hon - ey bees!
 When flow'rs are blooming ev - erywhere It is to me a fair - y scene!
 When fragrance la - dens all the air, How sweet the summer days to me!



CHORUS.



Oh, beau - ti - ful sum - mer days, Soft and fair, soft and fair!



Oh, beau - ti - ful sum - mer days, Soft and fair, soft and fair!



I'll Away To School

Key of A, see page 2,

H. A. LEWIS.

1. When the morn - ing light drives a - way the night, With the
 2. On the frost - y dawn of a win - ter's morn, When the

sun so bright and full, And it draws its line near the
 earth is wrapped in snow, Or the Sum-mer breeze plays a -
 bright and full,
 wrapped in snow,

hour of nine, I'll a - way, a-way to school, For 'tis there we all a - gree,
 - round the trees, Then a - way to school I'll go; When the hour to go has come,

All with hap - py hearts and free, And I love to ear-ly be At our
 And the tru - ant loves to roam, I de-light to leave my home, For our

hap-py school I'll a - way, I'll a - way, I'll a - way, a - way to school.
 hap-py school, a-way, a-way,

Still The Angel Stars Are Shining. 17

ANON.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Still the an - gel stars' are shin - ing, Still the rip - ling wa - ters
2. Still the wood is dim and lone - ly, Still the splash - ing foun - tains
3. Still the bird of night complain eth, Now in - deed her song is

flow, But the voi - ces now are sil - ent
 play, (But the past and all is beau - ty,
 pain; Vi - sions of my hap - py hours, now,

That I heard here long a - go; Hark the ech - oes
 Whith - er has it fled a - way? Hark, the ech - oes
 Do I call, and call in vain, Hark, the ech - oes

say, long a - go, long a - go.
 say, fled a - way, fled a - way.
 say, Call in - vain, call in - vain.

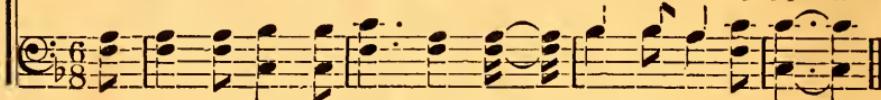
Key of F, see page 2.

D. W. CRIST.

Con spirito.

1. When things don't go to suit you,
 2. Why should you dread to-mor-row,
 3. You might be spared much sigh-ing,
 4. And though you're strong and stur-dy,

And the world seems up-side down
 And thus de-spoil to-day,
 If you would keep in mind
 You may have an emp-ty purse.



Don't waste your time in fret-ting, But drive a-way that frown.
 For when you bor-row trou-ble, You al-ways have to pay.
 The thought that good and ev-il Are al-ways here com-bined.
 But earth has ma-ny tri-als Which I con-sid-er worse,



Since life is oft per-plex-ing, 'Tis much the wis-est plan'.
 It is a good old max-im, Which should be of-ten preach-ed.
 There must be some-thing want-ing, And though you roll in wealth.
 But whe-ther joy or-sor-row, Fill up your mor-tal span,



To bear all tri-als brave-ly, And smile when-e'er you can.
 Don't cross the bridge be-fore you, Un-til the bridge is reached.
 You may miss from your cas-ket, That pre-cious jew-el, health.
 'Twill make your path-way bright-er, To smile when-e'er you can.



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TO THE RIGHT.

Earnestly.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Are you marching, pa-tient marching, Thro' the storms of life? Are you
 2. Are you think-ing, dai - ly think-ing, Of the pain - ful way? Of - ten
 3. Are you hop - ing, joy - ful hop - ing, For the rest of heav'n? Are you

meet-ing, dai - ly meet-ing, Wea-ry toil and strife? There's a voice a-bove the
 ask - ing, frequent asking, Why these suff'ring stay? Hear a promise, all shall
 wait-ing, patient waiting, Till the chains are riven? Would you keep the heav'nly

tu-mult, speaking still to you, Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er wav - er, To the
 sure - ly work for good to you, Nev - er fear - ing, never doubting, To the
 mansions clear and bright in view, Always heed the earnest prompters, To the

D.S.—Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er wav - er, To the

CHORUS.

Fine.

right be true. To the right, to the right, List the voice that speaks to
 right be true. To the right, To the right, To the right,
 right be true. To the right, To the right,
 right be true.

right be true.

you, To the right be ev - er true, To the right, to the right.
 To the right, to the right.

20 Perseverance Brings Success.

Key of B flat, see page 2.

E. A. BARNES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. As a band of hap - py pu - pils, Of - ten do we gath-er here,
 2. How to read and how to ei - pher, How to write and how to spell,

In this school room neat and pleas-ant, with our teacher kind and dear,
 This in part is what we stu - dy, And we stu - dy to ex - cel;

:S:

Fine.

We will ev - er keep this max - im, Per-se-verance brings success.
 With this max - im shin-ing o'er them, Per-se-verance brings success.

D. S. We will ev - er keep this max - im, Per-se-verance brings success.

D. S.

Per - se - ver - ance brings suc - cess, per - se - ver - ance brings suc - cess;

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In Laugh and Song.

21

E. B. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.



1. Day by day in laugh and song, Glides the time so swift - ly on,
 2. Day by day in laugh and song, When the gen - tle spring is here,
 3. Day by day in laugh and song, Still the time shall pass a - way,



That the hours, a bliss - ful thong, Scarce be - gin, till they are gone!
 Or when sum - mer ev - er young, With her scep - tre, rules the year!
 With a cho - rus full and strong, We will sing our round - e-lay!



What - so - e'er the sea - son! be, There's a plea - sure in its voice!
 Rus - set au - tumn too we hail, With a shout of jol - i - ty!
 Lamb-kins skip - ping o'er the mead, Sing-ing birds in sway-ing tree,



Youth - ful hearts are light and free, Drink - ing deep of pres - ent joys.
 Nor the win - ter, grim, shall fail, To be wel - comed in with glee!
 Naught in na - ture's realm, in - deed, Shall be hap - pi - er than we.



The Old Log Barn.

Key of E Flat, see page 2.

E. B. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. The old log barn of long a - go, How well do I re-mem-ber yet !
 2. The old log barn my fa - ther built, Oh, how it comes be-fore me now !
 3. How oft I clam-bered up its sides, A bare - foot lad, all full of glee !
 4. The cost - ly struc-ture, fair to see, That fol - lowed when the old barn fell,

What pleas-ant scenes the name re-calls, That I can nev-er-more for-get !
 How oft with oth - er boys I played Up - on the hay, with in the mow !
 My toes and fing-ers knew full well Just where they must in-sert-ed be !
 Could nev - er be the same to me ! Oh, dear old barn, a last fare-well !

CHORUS.

Yes, dear to me, It binds my spir-it like a spell.
 Yes, dear to me, Is that old barn.

But nev - er-more may I be-hold The old log barn I loved so well.

The Old Home.

23

D. W. CRIST.



1. Yes, still the same, the dear old spot: The years may go, the years may come,
2. Yet still the same green lands are there, They brought their violet scents in spring
3. And out up - on the red-bricked town, the quaint old houses stand the same,



Yet thro' them all it chang - es not. The old fa - mil - 'ar home,
And heard thro' man - y a gold'n year, The joy - ful ech-oes ring,
The same old sign swings at the Crown 'A - blaze in sun-set flame,



The pop-lars by the old mill stream, A tri - fie tall-er may have grown;
Of chil-dren in the A-pril morn, Knee deep in yellow cow-slip blooms,
Yet still is not the same old spot, The old fa-mil - ar friends are gone;



The 1 - vies round the tur-ret green, Per-chance they are more thick-ly grown -
Of lov - ers' whis - pers light - ly borne, Thro' sultry even-ing twi-light glooms,
I ask of those who know them not, All stran - gers, stran - ger ev - ry one.



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The Dream Of Home.

Words by A. W. STRATTON.

Music by WM. VAUGHAN.

1. I dreamed of the home of youth-ful days, That's passed away and gone,
2. A - las, dear "Will," those hap - py days Of youthful mirth have flown;
3. Your fath - er sleeps up - on the hill, Your moth - ersleeps there to,
4. I hope we'll meet them by and by, Where partings shall be o'er,

When you and I were young and gay, And life was in its morn.
 'Twill not be long yet can - not say, We'll both be dead and gone.
 Their graves are coat - ed o'er with green, Since man - y years a - go,
 In yon - der world be - yond the sky, To sing for ev - er more.

CHORUS.

Oh, how I love that dear old home! Where we to - geth - er played;

Some of us far from it have roamed, The rest long in their graves have laid.

SINGING WITH THE ANGELS.

25

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN.

Music and Chorus by A. S. KIEFFER, by per-

1. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter home, Of a bet - ter home than
2. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter life, Of a bet - ter life than
3. I have dream'd sweet dreams of a bet - ter land, Of a bet - ter land than

this; Of a home where sorrows nev - er come, Where all is per-fect bliss.
 this; Where there is no con-flict and no strife, Where all is per-fect peace.
 this; Where the ransom'd tread the gold-en strand Where joy shall nev-er cease.

CHORUS.

Sing - - - ing with the an - gels, There, there, o - ver, o - ver there;
 Sing-ing with the an-gels, with the an - gels,

Sing - - - ing with the an - gels, In that sweet home so fair
 Sing-ing with the an-gels,

Live For Something.

D. W. CRIST.

Lively.

1. Live for something, be not i - dle, Look a - bout thee for em-ploy;
 2. Scat - ter bless-ings in thy path-way, Gentle words and cheering smiles,
 3. Hearts there are oppressed and wea-ry, Drop the tear of sym-pa - thy,

Sit not down to use - less dreaming, La - bor is the sweetest joy;
 Bet - ter are than gold and sil - ver, With their grief dispelling wiles.
 Whis - per words of hope and comfort, Give and thy re - ward shall be,

Folded hands are ev - er wea-ry, Sel - fish hearts are nev - er gay, Life for
 As the pleasant sunshine fall - eth, Ev - er on the grateful earth, So let
 Joy un - to thy soul re - turning, From the perfect fountain head, Free - ly

D. S. I - die hands are ev - er wea-ry, Self - ish hearts are nev - er gay, Life for

Fine. CHORUS.

thee hath many du - ties, Active be then while you may. Toil - - ing for the
 sympathy and kindness, Gladden well the darken'd heartt,
 as thou freely giv - est, Shall the grateful light be shed. Toiling for the right,

thee hath many duties, Active be then while you may.

D. S.

right, Work - - ing with our might.
 Toiling for the right, Working with our might ev - er working with our might.

Anchor By And By.

27

J. L. O.

J. L. ORE.

1. On the troub - - - led sea we ride,
 2. Life's the bark we're sail-ing in,
 3. Hope's the star whose gleaming ray
 4. With our change ful voy-age done, Out-ward
And the
Cheers us
We shall

On a troubled, on a troub-led sea we ride,

bound up-on its tide; Fierce the storms that sweep us
 port we strive to win Is a home be-yond the
 on our wea-ry way; Faith, with nev-er sleeping
 see the Ris-en One, And in that sweet home on

Outward bound up-on its tide, on its tide; Fierce the storms, yes, fierce the
 CHORUS.

by, But we'll an - chor by and by. By and by, by and
 sky, Where we'll an - chor by and by. By and by, by and
 eye, Points us to that by and by. An-chor by and by. Anchor by and by,

storms that sweep us by. But we'll anchor by and by.

by, We will an - chor by and by, By and by.
 Anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by, by and by, Anchor by and by,

By and by, Yes, we will an-chor by and by.
 Anchor by and by, by and by,

LEAD ME SAFELY ON.

J. H. LESLIE.

R. A. GLENN, by per.

1. Lead me safe - ly on by the nar - row way, From the shores of
 2. With a Shepherd's care thro' the night and day, Keep me close to
 3. Thro' the storms of life, 'mid the o - cean's foam, Lead me safe - ly

time to the realms of day; By the cross of Christ may I
 thee lest I go a - stray; Lead me safe - ly on by thy
 on to my heavenly home; At the fount of life on the

ev - er stand, As I jour - ney on to the bet - ter land.
 tend - er love, Thro' this world of sin to my home a - bove.
 oth - er shore, Let me free - ly drink till I thirst no more.

REFRAIN.

Lead me on, lead me on,

Lead me

Lead me on, lead me on, By the straight and narrow way,

on, lead me on,

Lead me on, lead me on To the realms of end - less day.

Land Immortal.

29

Words and Music by D. W. CRIST.

1. There's a beau-ti-fui land in the regions immortal, I long, oh, I long to be
 2. in that heaven-ly land is a beau-ti-ful ri-ver, Most pleasing and grand to be
 3. Would you go to that land when from earth you shall sever? And dwell with the just ever

there; Where the wea-ry shall rest in that heaven-ly por-tal,— Be free from all
 hold; It flows by the throne of our bounti-ful giv'er,— Pure love reigns su-
 more? A robe and a crown shall be yours there forever, When safe on that

CHORUS.

sor - row and care. O - ver there, o - ver there, In that
 preme on its goal.

ev - er-green shore. O - ver there, o - ver there,

beau - ti - ful home o - ver there, My joy will be un-told,
 o - ver there,

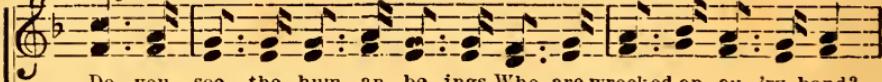
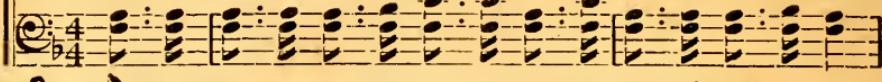
When I'm gathered in the fold With my Sav-iour and friends o - ver there.

E. B. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.



1. Do you see the tide of ev - ill, That is sweep-ing o'er the land?
2. See the hus-band once so lov - ing, And the gen - tle fa - ther, too,
3. See the bright-eyed boy in-vei - gted In - to tak-ing but a glass;
4. Shall the wrong for - ev - er tri-umph, Must the right still suf - fer so?



Do you see the hum - an be - ings Who are wrecked on ev - 'ry hand?
 Wit - ness in their looks and actions, What the li - quor trade can do!
 See him in the gut - ter ly - ing To sup - port a li - censed class!
 Hosts of grand and fear - less work - ers Speak and bold - ly an - swer "no!"



S:



Oh, the cur - rent of cor -rup - tion! How the bil - lows mad - ly roll,
 See the wretch - ed wife and chil - dren! What a pit - i - a - ble sight!
 Blush for shame, ye vot - ers, free men! Free to shut the dram - shop door.
 Let their an - swer sound the na - tion! Let it sound by night and day!



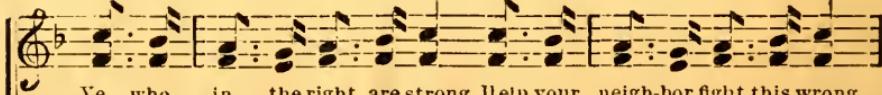
D. S. Help your fall - en bro - ther pray, Give him aid as best you may.
 Fine.



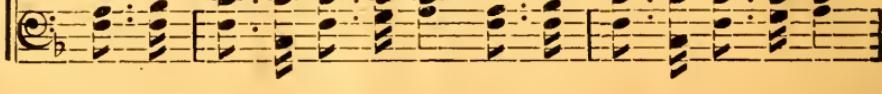
As they car - ry to de - struc - tion both the bod - y and the soul!
 From their mis - er - a - ble hov - el Driv - en oft at dead of night!
 Yet ye vote to li - cense mur - der, And ye vote it o'r and o'er!
 Down with li - cense now and ev - er! Let us sweep the curse a - way!



Fol - low thus your bles - sed Lord, And en - joy his rich re - ward.
 CHORUS.



Ye who in the right are strong, Help your neigh - bor fight this wrong,





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Now Good Night.

A. B. K.
Adagio.

A. B. KAUFMAN.



rit.



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E. B. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.



1. Sweet are the strains of wind-harp a play-ing, Soft - ly and dreamlike the
2. Like to the waves of bil - low-y o - cean, Feel-ings a - wak'-ned by
3. Sweet is the sound of bells that are charming, But, though bewitching it
4. Sweet is the strain of rain-drops de-scen-ding, Dan - cing like fair-ies the



sounds glide a-long; But to my ear, more sweet-ness con-vey-ing,
 mu - si - cal tongue; Sor - row or joy, or love, the e - mo - tion,
 is not so strong. Nought is like words in num - bers and rhyming,
 shin - gles a-long! Sweet all the sounds at day's ro - sy end - ing,



D.S. Sweet all the sounds at day's ro - sy end - ing.

CHORUS.



Com - eth like mag - ic the beau - ty of song. Beau - ty of song,
 Matchless re-main-eth the beau - ty of song.
 Fraught with the wan - der - ful beau - ty of song.

But naught's so sweet as the beau - ty of song.

Oh, the



But naught's so sweet as the beau - ty of song.



Beau - ty of song, Com - eth like mag - ic, the beau - ty of song;



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Little Hero Band.

33

R. A. GLENN.

(For five boys.)

D. W. CRIST.



All together.

1. We are a band of lit - tle men, But wait a few years lon - ger,
- 1st. boy.
2. I'll be a states-man bold and true, To make laws for our na - tion,
- 2nd. boy.
3. I'll be a sol - dier in the van, To fight if they should need me,
- 3rd. boy.
4. I'll be a far - mer, thus you know. To sow, and reap the har - vest,
- 4th. boy.
5. To be a doc - tor, is my cho.ice, To ped - dle out the pills,sir,
- 5th. boy
6. I'll be a mer - chant, with fine goods To please the men and la - dies,



Un - til we grow five feet and ten, We'll prove true men of hon - or.
 But if this work I fail - to do, I'll take some oth - er sta - tion.
 But if they'll get some oth - er man, I'm sure it will not grieve me.
 For to the ar - my I'll not go, Nor will I go to Con - gress.
 For some the sick I'm bound to cure, While oth - ers I must kill, sir.
 And keep some su - gar for the dudes, And can - dy for the ba - bies.

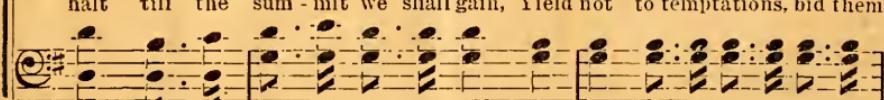
CHORUS. (*May be sung either at the close of each verse, or at the close of the piece.*)



We are marching on - ward up the hill of sci - ence, Let us nev - er



halt till the sum - mit we shall gain, Yield not to temptations, bid them



all de - fi - ance, If at first you don't suc - ceed, "try, try, a - gain."



Something Better.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Frank M. Davis.



1. Be your station high or low - ly In the broad highway of life,
 2. In the world there is no sta - tion that by toil you can - not gain,
 3. If in sin - ful ways you wan - der, With the mire a - bout your feet,



With the pur - pose firm and ho - ly. On - ward press a - mid the strife,
 Not a rank or oc - cu - pa - tion, But what la - bor will at - tain,
 Lift your eyes, just o - ver yon - der, Is the Sav - iour's mercy seat,



Look a - head and fal - ter nev - er, Rip - er fruits your eyes may see,
 Onward, up - ward, keep a - do - ing, Not con - tent with bended knee,
 His the heart that will re - lent - ing, See, for - give, and make you free,



Let this be your heart's endea - or, Some - thing bet - ter strive to be.
 Rise, and while your way pur - su - ing, Some - thing bet - ter strive to be.
 Trust, believe, and then re - pent - ing, Some - thing bet - ter strive to be.

Something Better.—Concluded.

35

CHORUS.

Be ye loft-y, be ye low - ly, Held in bond or proud and free,
With a purpose firm and ho - ly Something bet-ter strive to be.

Summer-Time.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Summer-time, summer-time, Mer - ry, mer - ry summer-time, Gai-ly sing,
2. Summer-time, summer-time, Mer - ry, mer - ry summer-time, Sing a-gain,
3. Summer-time, summer-time, Mer - ry, mer - ry summer-time, Sing a-gain,
Gal - ly sing, 'Tis sweet summer-time, Brightly now the sun's gay beam
Sing a - gain, 'Tis sweet summer-time, Sweetly scented is the air,
Sing a - gain, 'Tis sweet summer-time, Now the birds on ev - ery tree
Glanced o'er the crystal stream, Summer-time, summer-time, 'Tis sweet summer-time.
Beauteous flow'rs bloom everywhere, Summer-time, summer-time, 'Tis sweet summertime.
Warble their sweet melo - dy, Summer-time, summer-time, 'Tis sweet summer-time.

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Sailing Song.

Words by FANNIE H. RUNNELS.

Music by J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. O proud - ly o'er the wat - ers waste, Our ves - sel sails a - long.
 2. We greet the beck'n-ing blue ex-pa-nse, And thou-s-and sun - lit isles.
 3. O glad we watch the fad - ing line.— The shore line dim and gray.



The shore we leave in rap't - rous haste, But with a joy - ous song,
 Where in and out the wave - lets dance, To heav'n's ap - prov-ing smile.
 No more a change-less life we pine, A dull or wea - ry way.



CHORUS.



O for the sea, the roving sea, Its wa - ters grand and free;



Of thee we sing, Our tho'ts of thee, O bright, blue roll - ing sea.



Lead Me Where She's Sleeping. 37

D. W. CRIST.

Tenderly.



1. Lead me sometimes where she's sleeping, To our little Minnie's grave,
2. Lead me sometimes where she's sleeping, To that green and hollowed mound,
3. Lead me sometimes where she's sleeping, Where our loved lost Minnie lies,



Where the ivy vines are creep - ing, Where the blooming flowers wave,
 Where the bright young stars are peeping, Thro' the trees that guard a-round,
 Where the pinetrees guard are keep - ing, As they're towering to the skies.



Where the pinetree boughs are swinging, In the balm-y southern breeze,
 Where so oft our hearts have blend-ed, In the ear-nest heartfelt prayer,
 Where the pinetree boughs are swinging, In the balm-y southern breeze,



And the birds are sweetly sing - ing, In their homes a-mong the trees.
 That in heav'n where life is end - ed, We may meet our dar ling there.
 And the birds are sweetly sing - ing, In their homes a-mong the trees.



E. B. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. The beau - ti - ful sea with its treas - ures of gold,
 2. The beau - ti - ful sea with its ebb and its flow,
 3. The beau - ti - ful sea with its pearl cov - ered floor,

And bil - lows so grand, that for a - ges have rolled,
 Its gulf - stream that doth to the O - ri - ent go,
 Its sea - sons of calm, and its rush and its roar,

What won - der - ful tales that may nev - er be told.
 Its mer - chant - men proud, sail - ing to, sail - ing fro,
 Its tem - pests that beat on the wave - eat - en shore,

If Lan - guage were theirs, could their cav - erns un - fold;
 And em - i - grant throngs, with a bright hope a - glow,
 Its wrecks that went down, and that rise nev - er - more,

What pow - er - ful fleets o'er its sur - face have sailed,
 But man - y have paid with their lives the dread cost,
 The Cor - ral - line groves and the gay tint - ed shells.

The Beautiful Sea. Concluded, 39

What sol - diers have fought, and have con - quer'd or failed;
 The o - cean they tried, but they left it un - crost,
 The se - cret a - bode, Where the mer - mai - den dwells,

How proud - ly their flags, they in the vic - to - ry hailed!
 A - las, that the fair and the loved should be tossed,
 The mu - sic so weird, as it sinks and it swells,

CHORUS.

Al - be - it in death had their proud features paled. The beau - ti - ful sea, the
 On treacher - ous waves and so oft should be lost.
 En - tranc - ing the heart with its mysti - cal spells!

beau - ti - ful sea, Far down in its depths, oh, the plains and the caves, Se -

Rit.

cure from the winds and the wrath of the waves! The beautiful sea, the beautiful sea,

Merry Sings the Lark.

Joyfully.

D. W. CRIST.

1. Mer - ry sings the lark at the break of day Tra,la,la, la, Tra,la,la,
 2. Rouse ye, rouse ye now at the morning call, Tra,la,la,la,
 3. Health and strength are found in the morning air,

la, Hear her as she sings her mer - ry lay, Tra, la, la,
 Tra, la, la, la, Rouse ye i - die dreamers one and all,
 Beauty, youth and life in na - ture fair,

CHORUS.

la, la, la, la, la. Hear the mer - ry, mer - ry
 Tra,la,la,la, Joyfully list her mer - ry

lark, Singing with joy for you and me,
 call, gladly go, *Omit.*

Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la,

forth with heart so free, Tra, la, la, la,

Rit.

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

J. B. FERGUSON.

41

1. { My home is in the heavenly land, Where an gels bright and fair,
 And while I la - bor to se - cure A bliss-ful home a - bove,
 2. { Oft while I jour - ney here be-low, A - mid the bus - y throng,
 For with my pray'r the soft re-frain In ho - ly sweetness blends;

Be-fore the throne of glo - ry stand, And crowns of vict'r' wear, (Omit.....)
 I have a treas-ure rich and sure, 'Tis found in Je-sus'..... love.
 I hear a voice and seem to know The sing-er and the song; (Omit.....)
 And while I list - en to the strain, A bliss-ful calm de - cends.

CHORUS.

Oh,honie,sweet home,..... so bright and fair,..... Oh, hap-py

Oh.home,sweet home, so bright and fair,

an - - gels o - ver there,..... With them my joy..... shall

Oh, hap-py an-gels o - ver there,o-ver there, With them my joy

be com-plete,..... While rest-ing at the Sa-vior's feet.

shall be complete,

Repeat pp

1. When the rob - in builds her nest, At the fare-well of the snow,
 2. When the rob - in builds her nest, And I hear her ear-ly call,
 3. When the rob - in builds her nest, Where the fruitage soon shall grow,
 4. When the rob - in builds her nest, As the days are growing long,

'Tis the sig - nal for my heart, All its hap - pi-ness to show.
 Then it seems as if a spell Did up - on my spir-it fall.
 Then my heart is full of joy, For I love her chirping so.
 How it cap - ti - vates the heart, But to hear her crys-tal song.

CHORUS.

Chirp-ing rob - in, red breast dear, How I love thy notes to hear!

And I love thy nest to see, In the spreading ap - ple tree,

Repeat pp.

Ap - ple tree, ap - ple tree, In the spreading ap - ple tree.

Over The River.

43

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK, by per.

Duet.



1. O - ver the riv - er, the riv - er of time, Lies the bright land of a verdure sublime,
 2. O - ver the riv - er, the pilgrims retreat. Gorgeous in splendor, in beauty complete.



Val - leys of beau - ty in splendor do shine, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.
 An - gels are sing - ing in har - mon - y sweet, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful home.



CHORUS.



O - - - ver the riv - er, O - - - ver the riv - er,
 O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er, O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er,



O - - - ver the riv - er. The fields..... are all green.
 O - ver the beau - ti - ful riv - er. The beau - ti - ful fields are all green.



E. B. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

DUET or full chord.



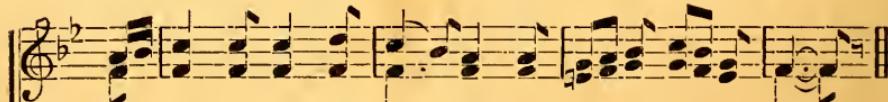
1. Fare - well, de-light - ful sum - mer, With all thy gold - en sheaves!
2. A - mid the sway-ing branches, The wind un-ceas - ing grieves;
3. When free from all our les - sons, New life the heart re - ceives,



Now comes the som - ber au - tumn, With frost and fall - ing leaves!
 And on its air - y pin - ions, Are borne the fall - ing leaves;
 To bide a - mid the fall - ing-The fall - ing of the leaves!



Oh! 'tis a hap - py sea - son, Though keen the air may be!
 Now like a rus - set man - tie, They cov - er all the ground:
 Where pur - ple grapes are hang - ing, Our feet shall speed a - way!



What care we mer - ry youngsters, With hearts so light and free.
 Oh, how we love their rus - tie! There's mu-sie in the sound.
 Where ri-pened nuts are drop - ping, We'll pass the au-tumn day.



The Falling Of The Leaves. Concluded. 45

CHORUS.



Oh. lads and bon - ny miss - es, What plea-sure au - tumn gives!



Let's have a mer - ry pie - nie, A - mid the fall-ing leaves!



The har - vest is all gath - ered, We've stored the gold - en sheaves;



Now come, let's have a pie - nie, A - mid the fall - ing leaves.



My Home Above.

LOUISA E.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I love to think of my home a - bove, In the glor-ious realms of light,
 2. I love to think of my home a - bove, Of that pure and, ho - ly clime,
 3. Will you meet me in that home a - bove, Where Je-sus has gone to pre-pare,
 4. O how sweet 'twill be to meet a - bove, And know each other there,

Of the pear-ly gates and gold-en streets, In the land where there is no night,
 Where the sor-row of earth can nev-er come, But e - ter - nal joys will be mine.
 A man-sion for all who love him here, O say, will you meet me there?
 And dwell for - ever with him who said, "Your man - sion I pre - pare.

Home, sweet home, Home, sweet home. O say will you meet me
 Home, sweet home, home, sweet home, home, sweet home, happy home, sweet home,

there? In that home a - bove, where all is love, And joys be-yond compare.
 Meet me there,

Welcome Song.

47

E. B. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.

1. You are welcome, friends and neighbors, To our gath-er-ing to-day,
2. By the pleasant streams of knowledge, We have wandered day by day;
3. By your presence here you show us, That you tru - ly wish us well,

Your fa-mil-iar kindly fa - ces Are as cheering as the May!
We have tried to make our studies Seem at-trac-tive as our play!
And this song we now are singing, Shall our kind-ly wish-es tell!

Well we knew your pleasing presence Would the passing hours be - guile!
In our singing, in our speaking, And what-ev - er we may do,
When these closing scenes are end-ed, We are hopeful you may say,

And we glad - ly greet your coming, With a pleasant word and smile.
We will strive to make our ef-forts Sat - is - fac - to - ry to you!
That you were not dis - ap - point-ed In your com-ing here to - day!

D. S. Glad we meet you, glad we greet you, Welcome, friends, both tried and true.
CHORUS.

D. S.

Old friends and new, Kind friends and true, Welcome all of you.

Parting Song.

E. R. LATTA.

D. W. CRIST.



1. How fast the days have flitted by, And oh, how gayly too, Since
 2. We've tried our teacher's love to gain, And ev'-ry rule o-bey; And
 3. Now we must sep-a-rate, a-las, When our adieus are o'er! But



here we met some months agone, Our studies to pursue! How many pleasant
 if we aught amiss have done, It makes us sad to-day! How oft will Fancy
 we will hope to meet again, In school, as hereto-fore! Va-cation time, the



words we've said, How many smiles exchanged! And let us hope no friendly hearts Have
 backward turn. To days we here have passed! To gala days, to dear school-days, That
 time of rest, Again has come around; And let us see how much of joy May



D. S. Or if we meet not here a-gain, Oh.

Fine. CHORUS.

D. S.



here become estranged!
 were too bright to last! Fare-well, fare-well, un-til vacation ends.
 out of school, be found!



let us still be friends.

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